A POEM

Dedicated to the Memory

OF

The Reverend and Excellent

Mr. *URIAN OAKES*

the late Paſtor to Chriſt's Flock,
and Præſident of Harvard-Colledge,

in Cambridge.

Who was gathered to his People on 25d 5mo 16
In the fifty'th Year of his Age.

1 Sam. 25. 1. *And SAMUEL dyed, a*
the Iſraelites were gathered together, and Lame
him.

Scindentur Veſtes, Gemmæ frangentur, et Aurum
Carmina quam tribuunt: Fama perennis erit. O

Magna dabit qui magna poteſt; mihi parva potent
Parvaq; poſcenti, parva dediſſe ſat eſt.

BOSTON IN NEW-ENGLAND,
Printed for *John Ratcliff.* 1682.

The Honble Isaac Story, esquire, died on the 19th December 1801, in his eighty fourth year, — and this is his own memorial — Story of 71 and Story of 1873.

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Frederick W. Story
(A.M. 1873)
and
William E. Story
(Harv. 1874)

READER

WOrthies *to* Praiſe *is a* Praiſe-worthy thing
Chriſt *did it*; *and will do it*! *And to Sing*
The Elogyes *of Saints departed in*
The Rhythm *of* Elegyes, *has alwayes been*
Eſteemed Reaſon! David *bids me* go
My Chriſtian Reader! *and like him* do ſo.

Cotton *Embalms great* Hooker; Norton *Him*;
And Norton's *Herſe do's* Poet-Wilſon *trim*
With Verſes: Mitchel *writes a Poem on*
The Death of Wilſon; *And when* Mitchel's *gone*;
Shepard *with ſow'ral Lamentations gives*
Honour to Him: *and at his Death receives*
The like from the [like-Maro] *Lofty Strain*
Of admirable Oakes! *I ſhould be vain*
To thruſt into that gallant Chorus: *Pride*
Ne'er made mee ſuch an Icharus: *I cry'd*
Of good Exemples [Ahimaaz *his Thought*]
How if I ſhould run after them? *And brought*
Theſe as a Pattern, *and a* Plea *for what*
I do; *that my croſs Reader blame me not.*

But why ſo late? *my* Nænia's *ſome will deem*
Both out of Time, *and* Tune! *To ſome I ſeem*
Grief's Reſurrection *to eſſay*; *and bee*
Juſt like the Trojans *who came late to ſee*

And sorrow with Tiberius! — *Only this*
Shall be Reply'd! The fond Bookseller *is*
Now guilty of this Paper's ravishment
When long suppress: Give him thy Discontent!
Since Oakes (*as* Homer) *has all Places* Claim:
Let Boston *too forget its* Anagram!

Memoirs

Memoirs

of the Life and Worth:

Lamentations

for the Death, and Loſs
of
the every way admirable
Mr. *URIAN OAKES.*

WEep with me, Reader! Never *Poet* had
His Quill employ'd upon a *Theme* ſo ſa
As what juſt Providence (Grief *grumble* not)
Do's with black *Warrant Preſs* mee to! O what?
This! *OAKES is dead*! One of the bittreſt *Pil*
(Compounded of *three Monoſyllables*)
That could have been diſpenſed! *Abſalom*
Sure felt not more *Diſtreſs*, *Death*, *Danger*, come
With the *three Darts* of *Joab*! ———
Bleſt *Shade*! an *Univerſal Tax* of Sorrow
Thy Country ows thee! Ah! we need not borrow
The *Præfica's*: Say, *Oakes is dead*! and there!
There is enough to ſqueeſe a briny Tear
From the moſt flinty *Flint*: Once at the *Blow*
Of *Moſes*, from a *Rock* a *Stream* did flow;
But look! th' *Almightye's Rod* now ſmites us home
Oh! what *Man* won't a *Mourner* now become?

Dea

Dear Saint! I cannot but thy Herſe bedew
With dropping of ſome *Fun'ral Tears*! I Rue
Thy Death! I muſt, *My Father*! *Father*! ſay,
Our Chariots and our Horſemen where are they?
I the *dumb Son* of *Craſus* 'fore mine Eyes
Have ſett, and will *cry*, when my *Father* dyes.
Oh! but a *Verſe* to wait upon thy Grave,
A *Verſe* our *Cuſtome*, and thy *Friends* will have:
And muſt I *brue* my Tears? ah! ſhall I *fetter*
My Grief, by ſtudying for to *mourn* in *Metre*?
Muſt too my *cloudy* Sorrows *rain* in *Tune*,
Diſtilling like the ſoftly Showrs of *June*?
Alas! My *Ephialtes* takes me! See't!
I ſtrive to *run*, but then I want my *feet*.
What ſhall I do? Shall I go invocate
The *Muſes* to mine aid? No; That I hate!
The ſweet *New-England-Poet* rightly ſaid,
It is a moſt Unchriſtian Uſe and Trade
Of ſome that Chriſtians would be thought. If I
Call'd Help, the *Muſes* mother *Memory*
Would be enough: He that *Remembers* well
The *Uſe* and *Loſs* of *Oakes*, will grieve his fill.
Ih'd *rather* pray, that Hee, in whoſe juſt *Eyes*
The Death of his dear *Saints* moſt *precioſe is*,
And Hee who helped *David* to bewail
His *Jon'than*, would not my Endeavours fail.
A ſprightly *Effort* of *Poetick Fire*
Would e'en Tranſport mee to a mad Deſire:
How could I wiſh, Oh! that the nimble *Sun*
Of thy ſhort Life before thy Day was done

Might

Might *backward Ten Degrees* have moved! or
Oh! that thy *Corps* might but have chanced for
To have been buried near *Eliſha's bones*!
Oh! that the Hand which rais'd the *Widows Sons*
Would give thee to thy Friends again! But, Fy!
That Paſſion's vain! To ſob, *Why didſt thou dy*?
Is but an *Iriſh Note*: Death won't Reſtore
His *Stolen Goods* till Time ſhall be no more.
Shall I take what a *Prologus Homer* hath
Lett mee Relate the Heavenly Powers Wrath?
Or ſhall I rather join with *Jeremie*,
And o're our great and good *Joſiah* ſigh,
O that my Head were waters, and mine Eyes
A fountain were, that Hadadrimmon's Cryes
Might bubble from mee! O that Day and Night
For the Slain of my People weep I might!
Ah! why delay I? Reader, ſtep with mee,
And what is for thee on *Grief's Table* ſee
Memoria Praeteritorum is
The *Diſh* I call thee to: Come taſte of this.
Oakes vvas! Ah! miſerable word! But what
Hee vvas, Let Never, Never be forgot.
Beleeve mee once, It were a worthy thing
Of's *Life* and *Worth* a large Account to bring
To publick *Vievv*, for general *Benefit*.
I would eſſay (with Leave, Good Reader) it,
So far as *feet* will carry mee, but know it
From firſt to laſt, *Grief never made good Poet*.
Hee that *laſht* with a *Rod* could *verſify*,
Attain'd, and could pretend far more than I!

Short

Short was thy *Life*! Sweet Saint! & quickly run
Thy *Race*! Thy Work was, oh! how quickly done!
Thy *Dayes* were (*David's measure*) but a *Span*;
Five Tens of Years roll'd since thy Life began.
Thus I remember a *Greek Poet* Rhimes,
They whom God Loves are wont to dy betimes.
Thus *Whit'ker*, *Perkins*, *Preston*, Men of Note,
Ay! many such, Never to *fifty* got.
And thus (*Rachel* New-England!) many Seers
Have left us in the *akme* of their Years.
Good Soul! Thy *Jesus* who did for thee *dy*,
In Heaven longed for thy *Company*.
And let thy *Life* be measur'd by thy *Deeds*,
Not by thy *Tears*; Thy *Age* strait nothing needs.
Divert, My Pen! Run through the *Zodiac*
Of *Oakes* his *Life*: And cause I knowledge lack
Of most Occurrents, let mee now and then
Snatch at a Passage worthy of a Pen.
Our Mother *England*, ev'n a *Village* there
(*Fuller*, insert it!) did this *Worthy* bear.
Over the *Ocean* in his *Infancy*
His Friends with him into *New-England* fly:
Here, while a lad, almost a *miracle*
(As I have heard his Aged Father tell)
Sav'd him from *drowning* in a River: Hee
Would (guess) a *Miracle* and *Moses* bee.
Now did *Sweet Nature* in him so appear
A *Gentlewoman* once cry'd out, *If ere*
Good Nature could bring unto Heaven, then
Those wings would thither carry Vrian.

Prompt

Prompt *Parts*, and early *Piety* now made
Men say of him, what once observers said
Of great *John Baptist*, and of *Ambrose* too,
To what an one will this strange Infant grow?
Her *Light* and *Cup* did happy *Harvard* give
Unto him; and from her he did receive
His *Two Degrees*: (A *double Honour* to
Thee (*Harvard! Own it!*) did by this accrue!)
So being furnisht with due burnisht *Tools*
The *Armour* and the *Treasure* of the *Schools*,
To *Templa-work* he goes: I need not tell
How he an *Hiram*, or *Bezaleel*
Did there approve himself; I'le only add
Roxbury his *first-fruits* (*first Sermon*) had.

Some things invite: Hee back to *England* goes;
With God and Man hee there in favour growes;
But whilst he lives in that Land, *Tichfield* cryes
Come over, Sir, and help us! He complyes:
The *Starr* moves thither! There the *Orator*
Continu'd charming sinful mortals for
To close with a sweet Jesus: Oh! he woo'd,
He Thundred: Oh! for their eternal good
How did he bring the *Promises*, and how
Did he discharge flashes of *Ebal*? Now
Hee held Love's *golden Scepter* out before
The Humble Soul; Now made the *Trumpet* roar
Fire, Death, and Hell against Impenitent
Desp'rates, untill hee made their hearts relent.

There did hee merit *Sibs*'s Motto, *I*
Fust like a Lamp, with lighting others dy.
Ah! like a *Silk-worm*, his own *bowels* went
To ſerve his Hearers, while he ſoundly ſpent
His *Spirits* in his Labours. O but there
He muſt not dy (except *Death Civil*) Here
(Why mayn't we Sigh it! here dark *Bartholmew*
This gallant and heroic *Witneſs* ſlew.
Silenc't he was! not *buried* out of ſight!
A worthy *Gentleman* do's him invite
Unto him; and like *Obadiah*, hide
Him, dear to them with whom he did reſide,
Finding his *Prayers* and *Preſence* to produce
An *Obed-Edom*'s bleſſing on the Houſe.
A *Spirit of great Life from God* do's enter
Within a while into him: Hee do's venture
To *ſtand upon* his *feet*: Hee propheſy's;
And to a *Congregation Preacher* is,
Join'd with a loving *Collegue*; who will not
Be buried, till *Symmons* be forgot.

But our *New-England Cambridge* wants him, and
Sighs, "*Of my Sons* none takes me by the hand,
"Now *Mitchel*'s gone! Oh! where's his parallel?
"Call my Child *Urian*! Friendly Strangers tell
"An *OAKE* of my own breed in *England* is,
"That will ſupport mee Pillar-like; and this
"Muſt be reſolv'd; I'le *Pray* and *Send*! Agreed!
Meſſengers go! and calling *Council*, ſpeed!

The

The good *Stork* over the *Atlantic* came
To nouriſh and cheriſh his Aged *Dam.*

Welcome! great Prophet! to *New-England* ſhore!
Thy *feet* are *beautiful*! A number more
Of Men like thee with us would make us ſay,
The *Moral* of *More*'s fam'd *Utopia*
Is in *New-England*! yea, (far greater!) wee
Should think wee *Twiſſe*'s *gueſs* accompliſht ſee,
When New Jeruſalem comes down, the Seat
Of it, the waſt America *will bee't.*
Cambridge! thy Neighbours muſt congratulate
Thy Fate! Oh! where can thy *Triumvirate*
Meet with its Mate? A *Shepard*! *Mitchel*! then
An *Oakes*! Theſe *Chryſoſtoms*, theſe *golden Men*,
Have made thy *golden Age*! That fate is thine
(*To bee bleſt with the Sun's perpetual Shine*)
What *Sylvius* ſais of *Rhodes*. Sure thou mayſt call
Thy Name *Capernaum*! But oh! the *fall*
Of that enlightened Place wee'l humbly pray
Dear Lord! Keep *Cambridge* from it! ——
But Quill! where fly'ſt thou? Let the Reader know
Cambridge ſome years could this brite *Jewel* ſhow,
Yet here a *Quartane Ague* does arreſt
The Churches Comfort, & the Countryes Reſt.
But this (Praiſe Mercy) found ſome *Ague-frighter*,
Hee mends, and his Infirmity grows lighter,
Ev'n that his dear *Oreſtes* ſmil'd, *So ſmall*
Your Illneſs, you'd as good have none at all.

Well! the poor Colledge faints! *Harvard* almoſt
(An *Amneſty* cryes 'ſt!) gives up the ghoſt!
The *branches* dwindle! But an *OAK* ſo near
May cheriſh them! 'Twas done! The gloomy fear
Of a *loſt Colledge* was diſpell'd! The Place,
The Learning, the Diſcretion, and the Grace
Of that *great Charles*, who long ſince ſlept & dy'd
Lov'd, and Lamented, worthy *Oakes* ſupply'd.
His *Nurſe* he *ſuckles*; and the *Ocean* now
Refunds what th' *Earth* in *Rivers* did beſtow.
Pro Tempore (a ſad *Prolepſiis*) was
For a long time his *Title*; but juſt as
Wee had obtain'd a long'd for Alteration,
And fixt him in the *Præſident*'s firm Station,
The wrath of the Eternal wields a blow
At which my Pen is gaſtred! ———
— — — — — — — — — (and Try!
But Up! — Lord! wee're undone! — Nay! Up!
Heart! Vent thy *grief*! Eaſe *Sorrow* with a *Sigh*!
Lett's hear the matter! Write *de Triſtibus*!
Alas! Enough! —— *Death hath bereaved us*!
The *Earth* was parch't with horrid *heat*: We fea'rd
The *blaſts* of a Vaſt *Comet*'s *flaming Beard*.
The dreadful *Fire* of Heaven inflames the *blood*
Of our *Elijah*'s carrying him to God.
Innumerable *Sudden Deaths* abound!
Our *OAKES* a *Sudden blow* laid on the ground,
And gives him bleſſed *Capel*'s wiſh, which the
Letany prayes 'gainſt, *To dy Suddenlie*.

The

The Saints hope to have the *Lord's Table* spread;
But with astonishment they find him *dead*
That us'd to *break* the *Bread of Life*: O wee
Deprived of our *Ministers* often bee
At such a *Season*. Lord, thy Manna low
In our blind Eyes we fear is wont to go!
The *Man of God* at the first *Touch* do's feel
[With a *Præsage*] his Call to Heavens weal;
Hee fits himself for his *last Conflict*; Saw
The ghastly *King of Terrors* Icy claw;
Ready to grapple with him; then he gives
A Look to him who *dy'd and ever lives*;
The great *Redeemer* do's *disarm* the *Snake*;
And by the Hand his faithful *Servant* take,
Leading him thorow *Death's black Valley*, till
Hee brings him in his arms to *Zion's Hill*.
Fall'n Pillar of the Church! *This* Thy *Translation*
Has turn'd our Joyes into this *Lamentation*!
Sweet Soul! Disdaining any more to *trade*
With *fleshly Organs*, that a *Prison* made,
Thou'rt flown into the *World of Souls*, and wee
Poor, stupid Mortals lose thy Companie.
Thou join'st in Consort with the Happy *gone*,
Who (happ'er than *Servants of Solomon*)
Are standing round the Lamb's illustrious Throne
Conversing with great *Isr'el's-Holy-One*.
Now could I with good old *Grynæus* * say
"Oh! that will be a bright and glorious Day,
"When I to that Assembly come; and am
"Gone from a world of guilt, filth, sorrow, shame!

I read

I read how Swan-like *Cotton* joy'd in Thought,
That unto *Dod*, and ſuch he ſhould be brought.
How *Bullinger* deaths grim looks could not fright
Becauſe twould bring him to the *Patriarchs* Sight.
(Well might it be ſo! *Heathen Socrates*
In hopes of *Homer*, Death undaunted ſees.)
Who knows but the Third Heaven may ſweeter be
Thou *Citizen* of it! (dear *Oakes*!) for thee?
Sure what of *Calvin Beza* ſaid; and what
Of thy forerunner *Mitchel*, *Mather* wrote,
I'le truly add, *Now* Oakes *is dead, to mee*
Life will leſs ſweet, and Death leſs bitter bee.
Lord! Lett us follow! ——————

Nay! Then, Good Reader! Thou and I muſt try
To *Tread* his *Steps*! Hee walk't *Exemplar'ly*!
Plato would have none to be prais'd, but thoſe
Whoſe *Praiſes profitable* wee ſuppoſe:
Oh! that I had a *ready Writer's Pen*,
(If not *Briareus hundred Hands*!) and then
I might limn forth a *Pattern*. Ah! his own
Fine *Tongue* can his *own worth Deſcribe* alone
That's it I want; and poor I! Shan't I ſhow
Like the man, whom *an Hero hired to*
Forbear his Verſes on him! Yet a *lame*
Mephiboſheth will ſcape a *David*'s blame.

Well! Reader! Wipe thine Eyes! & ſee the *Man*
(Almoſt too *ſmall* a word!) which *Cambridge* can
Say

Say, I have loſt! In *Name* a *Druſius*,
And *Nature* too! yea a compendious
Both *Magazine of worth*, and Follower
Of all that ever great and famoſe were.
A *great Soul* in a *little Body*. (Add!
In a ſmall *Nutſhell* Graces *Iliad*.)
How many *Angels* on a Needle's point
Can ſtand, is thought, perhaps, a *needleſs Point*:
Oakes Vertues too I'me at a loſs to tell:
In ſhort, *Hee was New-England's* t*SAMUEL*;
And had as many gallant Propertyes
As ere an *Oak* had *Leaves*; or *Argus Eyes*.
A better *Chriſtian* would a *miracle*
Be thought! From moſt he bore away the *Bell*:
Grace and *good Nature* were ſo purely mett
In him, wee ſaw in *Gold* a *Jewel* ſett.
His very *Name* ſpake *Heavenly*; and Hee
Vir ſui Nominis would alwayes bee.
For a Converſe with God; and holy frame,
A *Noah*, and an *Enoch* hee became.
Urian and *George* are Names æquivalent;
Wee had *Saint George*, though other Places han't.
Should I ſay more, like him that would extol
Huge *Hercules*, my Reader 'l on me fall
With ſuch a check; *Who does diſpraiſe him*? I
Shall ſay enough, if his *Humility*
Might be deſcribed. Witty *Auſtin* meant
This the *Firſt*, *Second*, and *Third* Ornament,
Of a Right *S*oul, ſhould be eſteem'd. And ſo
Our *Second Moſes*,* Humble *Dod*, cry'd, *Know*,

Juſt

Juſt as Humility wens Grace will bee,
And ſo much Grace ſo much Humilitie.
Ah! *gracioſe Oakes*, wee ſaw thee *ſtoop*; wee ſaw
In thee the *Moral* of good *Nature's Law*,
That the *full Ears* of *Corn* ſhould *bend*, and grow
Down to the ground: *Worth would ſit alwayes low.*
And for a *Goſpel Miniſter*, wee had
In him a *Pattern* for our *Tyro's*; Sad!
Their Head is gone: Who ever knew a greater
Student and *Scholar*? or beheld a better
Preacher and *Præſident*? Wee look't on him
As *Jerom* in our (Hungry) *Bethlechem*;
A perfect *Critic* in *Philology*;
And in *Theology* a *Canaan's Spy*.
His *Gen'ral Learning* had no fewer *Parts*
Than the *Encyclopædia of Arts*:
The old Say, *Hee that ſomething is in* all,
Nothing's in any; Now goes to the wall.
But when the *Pulpit* had him! there hee ſpent
Himſelf as in his onely *Element*:
And there hee was an *Orpheus*: Hee'd e'en draw
The *Stones*, and *Trees*: *Auſtin* cryes, *If I ſaw*
Paul in the Pulpit, of my Three Deſires
None of the leaſt (*to which my Soul aſpires*)
Would gratify'd and granted bee. Hee might
Have come and ſeen't, when *OAKES* gave
(*Cambridge* Light.
Oakes an *Uncomfortable Preacher* was
I muſt confeſs! Hee made us cry, *Alaſs!*
In ſad *Deſpair*! Of what? Of *ever ſeeing*
A better Preacher while wee have a beeing.

Hee

Hee! oh! *Hee* was, in *Doctrine*, *Life*, and all
Angelical, and *Evangelical*.
A *Benedict* and *Boniface* to boot,
Commending of the *Tree* by noble *Fruit*.
All said, Our *Oakes* the *Double Power* has
Of *Boanerges*, and of *Barnabas*:
Hee is a *Christian Nestor*! Oh! that wee
Might him among us for *three Ages* see!
But ah! Hee's gone to *Sinus Abrahæ*.
What shall I say? Never did any spitt
Gall at this *Gall-less*, *Guile-less Dove*; nor yet
Did any *Envy* with a cankred breath
Blast him: It was I'me sure the gen'ral Faith,
Lett Oakes *Bee*, *Say*, or *Do* what e're he wou'd,
If it were *OAKES*, it must be *wise*, *true*, *good*,
Except the *Sect'ryes Hammer* might a blow
Or two, receive from *Anabaptists*, who
Never lov'd any Man, that wrote a Line
Their naught, Church-rending Cause to under-mine.
Yett after my *Encomiastick Ink*
Is all run out, I must conclude (I think)
With a *Dicebam*, not a *Dixi*! Yea,
Such a course will exceeding proper bee:
The *Jews*, whene're they build an *House*, do leave
Some *part Imperfect*, as a call to *grieve*
For their *destroy'd Jerus'lem*! I'le do so!
I do't! ——————————

And now let *sable Cambridge* broach her Tears!
(They *forfeit* their own *Eyes* that don't: for here's

Occaſion ſad enough!) Your *Sons* pray call
All *Ichabod*; and *Daughters, Marah*! Fall
Dovvn into Sack-cloth, Duſt, and Aſhes! (To
Bee ſenſeleſs Now, Friends, Now! will be to ſhow
A *CRIME* & *BADG* of *Sin* and *Folly*!) *Try*
Your *fruitfulneſs* under the Miniſtry
Of that kind *Pelican*, vvho ſpent his *Blood*
To feed you! Dear *Saints*! Have ye got the Good
You might? And let a *Verſe* too *find* the Men
Who *fly'd a Sermon*! Oh! Remember vvhen
Sirs! your *Ezekiel* was like unto
A *lovely Song of* (Been't *deaf Adders* you)
One with a pleaſant Voice! and that could play
Well on an Inſtrument! And i'n't the Day,
The glorioſe Day, to dawn (ah! yet!) wherein
You are drawn from the *Egypt-graves* of *Sin*
Compelled to come in? *For ſhame come in*!
Nay! Join you all! *Strive* with a *noble Striſe*,
To *publiſh* both in *Print* (as vvell as *Life*)
Your precioſe Paſtor's *Works*! Bring them to view
That vvee may *Honey* taſt, as vvell as you.
But, Lord! What has thy *Vineyard* done, that thou
Command'ſt the *Clouds* to rain no more? O ſhevv
Thy favour to thy *Candleſtick*! Thy *Rod*
Hath almoſt broke it: Lett a *Gift of God*,
Or a ſincerely Heaven-touch't *Iſraelite*
Become a *Teacher* in thy Peoples ſight

At laſt I vvith *Licenſe Poetical*
(Reader! and thy good leave) addreſs to all

The

The children of thy People! Oh! the *Name*
Of *Vrian Oakes*, Nevv-England! does proclame
SURE I AN OAK was to thee! Feel thy Loſs!
Cry, (*Why forſaken, Lord!*) Under the Croſs!
Learn for to *prize Survivers*! *Kings deſtroy*
The People that *Embaſſadors* annoy.
The Counſil of God's *Herald*, and thy *Friend*,
[*Bee wiſe*! *Conſider well thy latter End*!]
O lay to heart! Pray to the heavenly *Lord*
Of th' Harveſt, that (according to his Word)
Hee vvould *thruſt forth his Labourers*: For vvhy
Should all thy *Glory* go, and *Beauty* dy
Through thy default? — — — —
— — — — Lord! from thy lofty Throne
Look dovvn upon thy *Heritage*! Lett none
Of all our *Breaches* bee unhealed! Lett
This dear, poor Land be our *Immanuel's* yett!
Lett's bee a *Goſhen* ſtill! Reſtrain the *Boar*
That makes *Incurſions*! Give us daily more
Of thy All-curing *Spirit* from on High!
Lett all thy *Churches* flouriſh! And ſupply
The almoſt *Twenty Ones*, that thy Juſt Ire
Has left *without Help* that their Needs require!
Lett not the *Colledge* droop, and dy! O Lett
The Fountain run! A *Doctor* give to it!
Moſes's are to th' *upper Canaan* gone!
Lett *Joſhua's* Succeed them! goes vvhen one
Elijah, raiſe *Eliſha's*! *Pauls* become (room!
Diſſolv'd! vvith Chriſt! Send *Tim'thees* in their

Avert the *Omen*, that vvhen *Teeth* apace
Fall out, No *new ones* should supply their place!

Lord! Lett us *Peace* on this our *Israel* see!
And still both *Hephsibah*, and *Beulah* bee!
Then vvill thy People *Grace*! and *Glory*! Sing,
And every Wood vvith *Hallelujah's* ring.

N. R.

Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed illachrymabiles
Urgentur ignotiq; longà
Nocte; carent quia Vate sacro. Hor.

Non ego cuncta meis amplecti Versibus opto. Virg.

——— *Ingens laudato Poema:*
Exiguum legito! ——— Call.

Qui legis ista, tuam reprehendo, si mea laudes
Omnia, Stultitiam: Si nihil, Invidiam. Owen.

Non possunt, Lector, multæ emendare Lituræ
Versus hos nostros: Una Litura potest. Martial.

Advertisement.

THere is to be sold by *John Browning*, at the Corner of the *Prison-Lane* next the Tovvn-House, a Sermon of the late Reverend Mr. *URIAN OAKES*, preached from *Eccl.* 9. 11. Shevving that *Fortune* and *Chance* are infallibly determined by God: By vvhich alone, it might appear that the *Elogyes* of him are not a vain *Hyperbole*; but as it were, the *Eccho* of those Words which his Works speak concerning Him.

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